

## PRAYERS.

God, who created me  
Nimble and light of limb  
In three elements free,  
To run, to ride, to swim;  
Not when the sense is dim.  
But now from the heart of joy,  
I would remember Him:  
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesus, King and Lord.  
Whose are my foes to fight,  
Gird me with thy sword  
Swift and sharp and bright.  
Then would I serve if I might;  
And conquer if I can—  
From day dawn till night,  
Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,  
Breathing in grosser air  
The light and flame of youth,  
Delight of men in the fray,  
Wisdom in strength's decay:  
From pain, strife, wrong, to be free;  
This best gift I pray,  
Take my spirit to Thee.

—Henry Charles Bucking.

## THE MAN EATER.

In January, 1864, the East Indian man Calabar arrived at Pondicherry, the little French possession on the Coromandel coast. She was touching at the principal ports in the bay of Bengal for cargo, and took in Pondicherry more as a matter of form than anything else. There was not much freight to be picked up there in those days, but it was a delightful place to spend a short time ashore.

Well, boys on that beautiful Sunday afternoon, when we tumbled down from aloft, after giving the sails a good snug, harber furl, a strange sight awaited us. Just about the foremast were groups of natives with their wares temptingly displayed in baskets of quaint form and design. The tribes on that coast are all born with commercial instincts and can give points to a Hebrew or a native of the Nutmeg state.

Then arose a chorus wild and barbaric: "You buy banana, sahib; good pomeloes, sahib; guavas, sahib; mangoes—all fine, sweet!"

Under the longboat's lee a couple of snake charmers were busy with their wiles. One had a wooden instrument modeled after the general fashion of a flageolet out of which he evolved a weird and quaint melody in a minor key, calculated to produce melancholia. The snakes seemed to like it, for while he piped they danced. The other fellow told a big snake in festoons around his neck, another around his waist and ooked important, all the time salaaming and begging for annas—though he wasn't above receiving pice.

On the other side of the boat were two jugglers who had set up an opposition show. These were to my juvenile eyes fakirs of high degree.

"Malum sahib," said one of them to me, producing a large and luscious mango from his basket. "You eat."

I ate it, and it was delicious.

"Give back stone, sahib."

I returned the kernel.  
He placed it on the deck and covered it with a strip of cotton cloth. There was no deception. Then one took hold of an instrument of torture called a tom-tom and began to beat it while the other intoned a weird chant. They sat on either side of the mango kernel and the cotton cloth, which was never touched by them.

While the tom-tom was loudest and the song shrillest I noticed the cotton cloth rise up until it assumed the shape of a tent about nine inches high. There was a wild finale and then silence. The cotton cloth was then drawn away and sprouting from the kernel of the mango, which I had just devoured was a beautiful young tree of symmetrical proportions and beautiful verdure.

"You give rupee, sahib?"

It was a capital trick and he got the money.  
The captain was eager to get ashore and see the Widow Dumaurier. He was a capital fellow and had always treated me kindly ashore and afloat. I was only fourth mate, but he was good enough to invite me to accompany him.

The widow Dumaurier kept a hotel there and Capt. Kennedy, the commander of the Calabar, was rather sweet upon her.  
She was as good as she was beautiful, but to save her soul from perdition she couldn't help a mild flirtation now and then, but she always brought you up with a round turn if anything resembling a grand passion was suggested. Her heart was aloft with poor Pierre to whom she was devoted—but still smiled bewitching smiles at the civic officers of the government who used to desert their own bungalows for the superior fascinations of the Hotel Dumaurier and sip their can suere or their absinthe on its spacious verandas.

Sea captains made the hotel their headquarters and there was scarcely one that put up there that the widow had not promised to be a sister to. Somehow she continued to keep the old salts in subjection and they were found regularly at her table d'hôte basking in the brilliancy of her glances like moths round the glare of a flaring lamp.

Accordingly we got into one of the Masoolah boats, the surf being too heavy to dream of landing by one of the ship's boats. The rowers, under the promise of a liberal gratuity, bent their backs to the oars and broke out into a song. (They seem quite unable to do anything without singing on the Coromandel coast.) The Calabar was anchored about two miles out but it didn't take long to reach the shore. The surf was beating on the sandy beach with a savage roar. Big comb-  
a with snowy crests were toppling over. The fierce undertow hissed. Our boat's skipper never turned a hair. He shouted directions to his crew, who never stopped their song and taking advantage of a huge wave steered his craft right on to the beach. The boat was borne along with resistless force

and the boiling surf took her up pearly high and dry. Before the receding water could bear her back the carmen leaped out, agile as cats, and in an instant the buoyant craft was hauled on to dry land.

But it was a startling experience to a novice like myself who had never been in Indian surf before.

We were driven to the hotel in a bullock ghari without springs and shaken up considerably. Mme Dumaurier received us with her sunniest and sweetest smile. We reclined in the easiest of chairs on the piazza while small Indian boys fanned the flies off us and the khausaman brought us cooling drinks. While smoking our Lunlun cheroots Capt. Kennedy said:

"The widow is the only woman I ever loved. She doesn't care a rope-  
yarn for me. Don't say a word to Marie."

Marie was his wife. Alas for the depravity of human nature. What are we going to do about it?

"Brandi-pani laso toom sala," said the skipper. It was about all the Hindustani he knew. Although the natives all along the Madras coast speak Tamil, Hindustani is understood in all the hotels.

The liquid panacea was brought and the skipper felt better.

Mme. Dumaurier was quite charming at dinner that evening. She was dressed in a gauzy sort of gown that I am not man milliner enough to describe and spoke English with a delightful accent I shall not spoil by attempting to reproduce. The scene was quite novel to me. The waving punkahs, the snowy napery, the shining silver, the khitmutgars waiting behind each chair were agreeable changes from the monotony of life aboard ship.

The punkah-wallahs were kept busy that night. Next morning while the captain and I were taking our chotahazaree on the veranda unto us came Mme. Dumaurier in a charming negligee wrapper. She was crying bitterly.

She told us how one of her pets—a little native boy named Ramoon—had been eaten by a shark that morning. He had gone out fishing with two other natives and the greedy monster had attacked the catamaran and feasted on Ramoon.

She related how the man-eater had long been the terror of the coast adjacent, and that the natives all declared that ever since he had tasted human flesh several months ago nothing else would be good enough for him. Young Ramoon had been his tenth victim.

"My captain," she said, "I cannot rest until that horrid shark is killed. You are brave; catch him for me."

And she gave him such a beseeching glance that it made me feel envious.

At this moment we heard the report of a gun, and looking seaward saw a puff of smoke from the poop of the Calabar. The captain seized a pair of marine glasses and gazed long and earnestly at his ship.

"My God! Jack," said he to me, "I wonder what's up aboard? There's the ensign hoisted at half-mast."

Without waiting to say good-bye to Madame we hurried to the beach and were soon in a boat pulling madly for the ship. The mate received us at the gangway and told us a sad story. Young Allen, an apprentice had been sent over the stern to touch up the gilded scroll work that adorned her old-fashioned quarter galleries. He had fallen overboard, and a big shark had seized him while he was swimming to the ladder. The shark had dived down with him and he was seen no more. That surely was the man-eater.

Allen was a general favorite and the grief was general.

The captain swore that he would catch that shark. He tried to tempt him with salt pork—a tidbit he dearly loved—with buffalo lamp and fowl. All effort, however, seemed thrown away. At last a bright idea struck him. One of the old razor-backed sons in the Portuguese quarter had lately litted. The captain bought one of the pigs and brought it aboard with him. The shark was cruising around waiting for another apprentice. The skipper deftly lashed the shark-hook to the pig's body and threw him overboard, paying out plenty of line. The pig splashed about and swam lustily for his life. The shark made one dash at him, and in a moment he was in his maw. We hauled the devil aboard, and after a fierce battle his tail was cut off.

The captain had solved the problem. This terror of Pondicherry would only bite at living bait.  
His jaws and tail were taken ashore to Madame as an evidence of good faith. He was the largest man-eater ever captured on that coast, being pretty nearly forty feet long.  
Did the widow reward the captain? She did.  
She gave him one solitary kiss and took care that her maid was present at the time—for she was well acquainted with the habits of sea captains. Give them an ell and they'll seize a mile.—New York Recorder.

## Earthquakes in Formosa.

The island of Formosa is about 270 miles long and 140 wide. Ranges of mountains extend from the center to the southern portion. Some of the peaks are quite lofty. Mount Morrison being 12,000 feet high, and are volcanic. Every little while there is a rumble in the center of one of the peaks and the whole island is convulsed. The climate is favorable to such disturbances, the thermometer rarely getting below 40 degrees.

## National Wealth.

The increasing wealth of the various nations is somewhat remarkable. During the last ten years the Bank of France has more than doubled its reserves. The Bank of Germany in 1881 held about \$140,000,000. In 1889 it held \$180,000,000.

## GIRAFES BECOMING EXTINCT.

Nearly all the South African Antelopes Also Becoming Rare.

An article by Mr. Bryden says that the days of the giraffe are numbered. A few years ago a herd of seventy or eighty of them was often met in various parts of Africa. Mr. Bryden says that nineteen giraffes are now a large herd. They have been hunted so mercilessly, both by natives and foreign sportsmen, that they are rapidly becoming extinct.

The intelligent African King Khama has, however, taken the giraffe under his protection and hopes to save it from extermination. He has forbidden the hunting of the giraffe in his large domain, and in this way he hopes they will multiply in his country. It is an interesting fact that Russia has preserved the European bison from extinction by setting apart a forest of Lithuania for them and permitting no one to molest them.

Recent explorers in southwest Africa say that the fauna has changed greatly during the last forty years. Dr. Henry Slichter, in a paper he read before the British association a few weeks ago, says that antelopes, lions, buffaloes, rhinoceri, giraffes and other large animals where met with in abundance when the country was first explored are no longer to be found in any part of the southwest. Africa on account of their ceaseless slaughter by European hunters, as well as by the natives since the latter have possessed breech-loading guns. The most important among these animals, the elephant, has wholly disappeared from this part of Africa except in the neighborhood of Lake Ngami.

Anderson, one of the early explorers of this region, said that 1,200 pounds of ivory could be bought at Lake Ngami for a musket. According to Livingston, in three years not less than nine hundred elephants were killed near the little Zonga river alone. How much their number has diminished is shown by the very small ivory export from Wallish bay, which amounts to about fifteen hundred pounds per annum, while in 1875 it was as high as 37,000 pounds. The various kinds of animals would doubtless increase again if some protective measures were taken in their behalf, but there are not many Khamas among the important men of Africa who have sufficient foresight to endeavor in the interests of their own people to prevent the extermination of these valuable animals.

## To Learn a Language.

Some students begin a language for the mere love of knowing foreign tongues; others acquire them either for professional purposes or with the aim of gaining access to foreign literatures.

But whatever be the motive, the Boston Herald suggests that it is well to set out with some knowledge of the science of language—some insight into the relations of languages to one another—some grasp of the theories of modern scholars about the origin and development of speech.

To learn language without knowing anything of the science of language is like acquiring the art of putting up electric fixtures without any knowledge of the principles of electrical science.

To approach it, on the other hand, from the standpoint of universal principles is to make the study of it easier and progress in any particular tongue much more rapid.

By knowing, for example, the laws of consonantal interchange we may often discover the meanings of words without being obliged to refer for them to the dictionary. In this way every new language learned makes more easy the acquirement of other tongues of the same or of allied stocks.

## Rid of a Rival.

"Come and have a treat with me."  
"Why are you celebrating?"  
"My rival is dead."

"Rival? I thought you were married."

"So I am, but I've had a rival nevertheless. He's gone, though; died this morning in my wife's arms."

"Great Caesar! Are you the kind of a man to stand that?"

"I've had to."

"Well! I never! Who in goodness' name was he?"

"She loved him before we were married and when we went to house-keeping she brought him to the house. He was a complete stranger to me then, and we've never been very good friends at any time. Well, he's gone and I'm glad of it."

"Well, I'm blowed! If you are not the greatest idiot—what was his name?"

"Fido."  
Tablau.—New York Press.

## How to Take Hair Off.

Dr. Clasen said that among the best depilatory powders are sulphhydrate of sodium and sulphide of barium. As to the sulphhydrate of sodium, he says that used as a paste, one part to eight of water, and allowed to remain on it for a very short time, it acts well. But it deteriorates very rapidly and is dangerous to give to a patient, as it is quite capable of producing scars. The sulphide of barium is a safer powder for the purpose. It may be used by mixing fifty parts of it with twenty-five parts each of starch and oxide of zinc. This is mixed with water so as to form a soft paste and spread upon the face. After ten minutes it is scraped off and leaves a smooth skin.—Medical Record.

## In all Number Two.

"faithful are the wounds of a friend," says a proverb; but then comes the question, who is a friend?

"What's the reason you didn't speak to Boreham when he passed us?" said one man to another.

"He insulted me the other day—called me a freckled idiot."—Youth's Companion.

## A SAD TALE OF THE WAR.

TWO CAPTAINS AND A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Handsome Captain Tom: Who Courted Death Among Bullets and Found It in a Broken Heart—The Other Captain.

He was a queer fellow—the captain of our company, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. I hadn't known him as a civilian but as his 'first luff' when I was assigned to his company I had a right to expect something like friendship and confidence on his part. The captain ranks his first lieutenant, of course, and when he stands on his dignity he is the 'superior officer,' but when off parade there used to be no question of rank among company officers. Captains and lieutenants were 'chums' and 'partners,' and pretty well posted on each others' private affairs.

Captain Tom was less than 30 years old, and a handsome, dashing fellow, only he was abstracted and melancholy. He shut himself up like a clam and kept you at a distance. He never sang, nor whistled nor entered into conversation outside of military matters. Now and then I walked in on him when his thoughts were elsewhere, and there was either such sorrow in his face as to make your heart ache, or such a look of devilish ferocity as to make you chill.

Down in the ranks there were whispers that he had been married to a beautiful young lady; that after a year or so they had quarreled; that she had gone from his home one day and never returned—gone with a man she loved better. I caught some of these whispers, as did the second lieutenant, though we never mentioned the fact to each other. We held our captain's sorrow to be his own, and while we thought him a bit too icy, we did not seek to break down his reserve.

I knew more about him after our first fight. I knew that he was utterly reckless of life—that he courted death. When our company was detached and advanced as skirmishers he held us right up to the work until the enemy's battle line fairly walked over us, killing or capturing half our strength. They must have fired at him fifty times, but he was not even scratched. After that I knew that the story must be true, and that he no longer cared to live. I knew it and I pitied him the more.

At Frederick-burg as we marched against Mayre's Hill, fragments of the same shell wounded both of us, and we were carried back across the river and sent to Washington. My hurt was in the side, his in the right leg. It was something to keep him in bed for a few weeks, but nothing really serious. Our cots were side by side, but we had little to say to each other. He had grown even more reserved since the fight. When the surgeon came to overhaul him and told him that it was only a question of a few weeks, he seemed disappointed. I think he had cherished the hope that he was mortally wounded.

Well, one day after we had been there about a fortnight, I lay looking at Captain Tom, who was asleep, and wondering if the sunshine would never come back to his life. Our feet were toward an aisle or passageway, and just opposite his cot and perhaps ten feet away, was that of a captain who had been wounded in the same fight. The room was large, and so full of wounded officers, that no one paid any attention to any one else, unless he was a comrade. I just simply knew that he was a captain across there, and that he was badly hurt. As I lay looking at Captain Tom I heard the voice of a woman in the aisle, and I turned my eyes to behold a lady of about 25, richly dressed, and with one of the sweetest faces man ever looked upon. Some one had brought her to see the captain across the aisle, and as she reached his cot she uttered a little cry of surprise and gladness.

It was that cry that woke Captain Tom. As his eyes opened his face betrayed a scared and puzzled look. Had he heard aright? Was that a familiar voice? Had he dreamed of hearing it? The lady bent over the wounded officer and kissed him, and called him her darling, and now Captain Tom struggled upon his elbow and looked at her.

In ten seconds his face was whiter than any dead man's. He shut his teeth, uttered a hissing noise through them, and such a look of suffering and despair came over his face I hope never to look upon again. I was bewildered for a moment, but was about to cry out when he fell back, gasped once or twice, and I knew that he was dead.

They took his body away, and the lady never looked into his face nor learned his name. An hour or two after she had gone away, smiling through her tears, the surgeon came to dress my wound. He asked what I had seen and heard, and I told him. "Ah! that explains!" he said. "Captain Tom died of a broken heart—just that and nothing else!"

## They Both Fainted.

While a young man and a young lady of Abbeville, G., were gathering plums, the young lady stepped on the head of a black snake. Her first intimation of the situation was the presence of a snake's coil around her ankle. She shrieked and swooned. The young man flew to the rescue, but the reptile was moving slowly away when the excited youth assailed him.

The snake showed fight and striking with his full force fastened his fangs in the man's waistband. The horror of this predicament overcame him, and fainting he in turn fell to the ground. The young lady was the first

to recover, and when her head was returned to consciousness she made her disappearance.—Atlanta Constitution.

## DARK DAYS.

Numerous Times in the World's History When the Sun Was Darkened.

The earliest mention of the phenomena referred to in the headline of this "note" appears to be that which occurred in the year 44, B. C., about the time of the death of Julius Caesar, where we read in Plutarch and Dio Cassius that the sun was paler than usual for a whole year. The great darkness which lasted two whole days all over Europe appears to have preceded the great earthquake of Alexandria, which occurred August 22, A. D. 358. Two years later in all the eastern provinces of the Roman empire there was a "dark day," which was so dark as to make stars visible at noonday. From further descriptions one might consider this the result of a total eclipse, but astronomers say that neither the eclipse of March 4, 360, nor that of August 28, of the same year, was visible in the countries mentioned. During Alric's siege of Rome, 409 and 410, A. D., there were "several days 'as dark as the nights which preceded and followed them.'"

In 536, 567 and 626 we find mention of long periods of diminished sunlight. According to Schurrer, "the sun darkened in an alarming manner on August 19, 733, without there being the least possibility of an eclipse being the cause." The Portuguese historians record several months of diminished sunlight in the year 934, says the St. Louis Republic, which terminated by an apparent opening in the sky "from which loud sounds issued, the noise sounding not unlike two giants quarrelling." In 1091, on September 29 (not 21, as given in some translations of Humboldt's "Cosmos"), the sun turned suddenly black and remained so for three hours. For days after the blackness had disappeared the sun gave out a peculiar greenish light, which occasioned great alarm. Schurrer next mentions a dark day in June, 1191, but astronomers attribute it to the total eclipse which was visible in the greater part of Europe in June 21 of the year mentioned. Several dark days are recorded as having occurred in February, 1106, the darkest being the 4th, 5th and 12th. On the 5th a bright star was seen shining "only a foot and a half from the blackened remains of the sun."

"On the last day of February, 1206," says Corteva, a Spanish writer, "the sun appeared to suddenly go out, causing a darkness all over the country for about six hours." The superstitious writers of the time attributed the great darkness of 1241 to God's displeasure over the results of the battle of Leignitz, the sun being so obscured as to make it necessary to keep lamps burning until after the ninth hour. Prof. Schiaparelli, who has been years collecting data concerning that uncanny event, is now inclined to refer the cause to the total eclipse of October 6, 1241. Kepler tells us, his authority being Gemma, that there was a sun-darkening in 1547 which lasted for three days. April 22-25, which finally ended by the sun appearing to be suffused with blood to that degree that stars were visible at noonday." America has experienced several dark days during her short historical life, the most memorable being that of May 19, 1780, when the darkness was so great that all the people of New England, with the exception of a sturdy few, were terrified almost to the verge of distraction.

## Too Compatible.

"No, Hiram," said the young girl, sadly, "I cannot be your wife. We are too compatible." "Compatible!" he exclaimed. "Isn't that the very reason why?" "Not in our case, I should probably insist, from motives of economy, on dispensing with a servant and doing my housework, and you would probably let me do it, Hiram."—Saturday Evening Post.

## BUSINESS BRIEFS.

In the Yakima district, Washington, a woman has started the development of a mine. She has just bought a complete sawmill outfit for cutting timber necessary in the operations.

In Samoa the king's adviser lives in a handsome house and the king in a shed alongside; the adviser receives a salary of \$5,000 a year and the king \$840. The chief of police even gets \$1,500 a year.

One tanning extract mill at Clallam Bay, Wash., supplies the sixty odd tanneries on the Pacific coast. The belt of hemlock there is the most compact in the country. In making the extract the hemlock bark is ground to a powder and soaked in hot water for a day. The liquid is afterward boiled in a vacuum pan.

The average number of American patents issued yearly is about 30,000. England, which comes nearest to us, issued only about 4,000 to 5,000 a year, and its system is very much more lax than ours. Patents are issued in England without any condition as to novelty or merit, and not two applications in a hundred are rejected. In Prussia the number granted annually is less than 100; in Belgium, 1,500 to 2,000.

Properly speaking, hairpins are tools. A woman can do anything with a hairpin except churn butter and play on a snare drum. She can pick a lock and cut the edges of her magazine; she can anchor her back hair and affix her signature with one. She can rouse her sleeping lord in church and mend her umbrella with this little hairpin. With one hairpin and plenty of "woman's intuition" very likely she could run an ocean steamship.

A new cure for hydrophobia is said to have been discovered by a certain Dr. Engles in Africa. It consists of an extract prepared from a variety of the palm tree which is injected under the patient's skin. The immediate effect of the remedy is to cause a moderate fever. On the third day the fever subsides, leaving the affected part free from swelling or inflammation, and on the fifth, or at the latest the seventh day, the cure is complete. Of 67 farmers lately treated in this way for the bites of rabid dogs 65 recovered and 2 died of weakness.

## ARTIFICIAL GOLD.

Discovery of an English Gentleman Who is Dying to Persevere.

A savant has been discovered who has succeeded in producing by the most simple means the results so eagerly sought for by the tollers in science ever since the days of King Solomon, who is thought by adepts to have been himself one of the most expert. This wondrous adept, who sees nothing extraordinary in the wonderful work he has accomplished, is a man 70 years of age, doomed to solitude and poverty, as all such great men are, cynically remarks a London correspondent in the Pall Mall Gazette.

He lives in a quartier perdu beyond Grenelle, and the interviewer was astounded at the extraordinary proofs of the man's genius as he unfolded one by one the specimens of the progress and gradual perfection of the work to which he had devoted the better part of his long life, with no more satisfactory result than the miserable dwelling in which he was miserably sheltered from the elements—a wretched garret, through the roof of which the rain was at the very moment of the interview filtering in streams upon the floor. The adept displayed before the visitor several specimens of gold in its various stages. A lump of gold, for instance, taken from a mine in Mexico, and by its side another piece, produced by the mixture of different metals, according to proportion, and not to be distinguished from the original substance as taken from the mine.

Even with the magnifying glass no difference could be detected. His explanation of the method by which he had arrived at the fabrication of the metal was clear and simple. He had always been impressed with the idea that gold was created by the combination of other metals, and that it was simply the highest perfection of breeding, upon the same principle that is visible in the gradual development of objects belonging to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The determination to ascertain the fact upon the very spot of its production induced him to start forth, amid unheard of hardships and opposition, to begin his work in Mexico, just five-and-forty years ago.

"The identity of the two specimens now before you," said the adept, "is absolutely undeniable; they are the same in every respect. I defy the minutest examination of the most skeptical among the savants; the color, the weight, the proportions of the component elements are identical. And yet here I have been waiting a whole lifetime for some one to bring me help and encouragement to multiply my experiments, in order to convince the world that the precious metal to which mankind has ever attached such undue value is of itself valueless. The mockery and laughter with which I was greeted on my return to Europe nearly half a century ago filled me with despair, and I gave up at once all the hope which had sustained me through the long years of hardship and privation I had endured—the hope of enriching my country by means of my discovery, and rendering it independent whether of war or famine or commerce, or indeed, of any calamity but death."

"And how have you lived all these years?" inquired the interviewer, shivering as he gazed at the comfortless aspect of the place in which this imaginative benefactor of the human race was lodged. And then the adept was fain to confess that while his moral was sustained by the dream of the future wealth of the world, in which he could not hope to share, his physique was dependent on his labors as a cheap photographer, at which profession he earns just enough to keep the few sparks of life still remaining in his poor, worn-out body from being extinguished altogether.

## Among Russian Lepers.

Mrs. Kate Marsden, in a private letter written from Irkutsk, in Siberia, says:

"I have just returned from riding on horseback 3,900 versts, or 2,000 English miles, beyond Yuhetsk, among the poor outcast lepers, who are located in the depths of the forest, and their condition is truly fearful, but I have given them food and warm clothing for this winter, and have collected £1,000 toward the hospital for them. The rest I shall collect in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and I am sure her imperial majesty, the empress, will greatly help me, as she has so graciously done always. I intend working in Russia until this work is really finished and the hospital begun. The Russian nation has been kindness itself to me, showing me everything, which means not a little. I am now starting for Tomsk, Tashkent, Merv, Bokhara and Baku, where there are many lepers, and I have been asked to go and help them. From there I go to Tiflis, across the Caucasus mountains, and up to Moscow and St. Petersburg to plead with her imperial majesty for the prisoners and lepers."

## His Long Beard.

James Brown, who lives near Bealington, in Braxton county, W. Va., has probably the largest beard in this country. He is six feet in height, and has neither shaved nor trimmed his beard or mustache for thirty years. The ends of his mustache extend beyond his finger's ends when his arms are outstretched. He carries his wonderful beard and mustache braided and tucked inside his shirt, but does not hesitate to show them to anyone who may desire to see them.

## Not Made by Railroads.

Humboldt County, California, has a population of 33,000 and \$17,000,000 taxable wealth, but it is unconnected with the world by railroads.